The Little Dragon (Part I)

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The Little Dragon (Part I)

by Applebottomgenz

Summary

Kidnapped and forced to change for the musings of a mad man, will Will Graham survive the clutches of the great red dragon?

Notes

Hello Dear Readers,

As some of you know, I deleted my works and account a few months ago for personal reasons. I'm back now.

I struggled on whether or not to put this story back on here, and decided, heck with it, why not? It had a ton of hits and kudos, so why not give the people what they want.

This work will be broken and posted in separate parts, so if your wondering why the whole story isn't there, that's why.

Please, as always, read responsibly. Mind the tags and warnings. This fic is not pretty and fairly dark. Part 1 contains no comfort. You have been warned.

Happy, or I suppose, unhappy, cry-filled reading to you all,

-Apple

Chapter 1

For the first time in his life, Will was starting a second year in school at the *same* school he went to a year before.

For the first time, Will was going back to a place he knew. For the first time, he wouldn't have to relearn the building. For the first time, he'd see familiar faces of peers and teachers. For the first time, he wouldn't be the new kid.

He should have known it was too good to be true.

Will had just gotten home to his father's rickety trailer home. He buzzed with excitement, he'd been invited to his first high school party. He was planning on dropping his shoes at the door and sprinting to his room to dream and plan and worry over the party, when his father's words froze him at the door.

"We're movin'."

Will stared at his drunk father sitting in the old stained recliner surrounded by cigar butts and various bottles. "What?"

"Maryland." His father grunted. He raised his half empty beer to his lips and drained it.

Will dropped his backpack by the door and walked quickly to his father and knelt by the man's recliner. He gently pulled the empty bottle from his father's hand and set it on the wobbly side table. He held his dad's hand, petting it softly.

"Wha' ya mean, dad?" Will asked imploringly.

"There's a boatyard up there, offering bonuses to experienced mechanics," The man reached for another bottle with his free hand.

Will clutched his father's hand tighter, "But dad, I just started the school year here!"

Will's father frowned at his son. He raised the bottle to his lips and yanked the cork from the bottle with his teeth and spat it on the ground. He took a long draw from the bottle, the brown liquid sloshing inside. He finished with a sigh, "You'll go to a new school."

Will pressed his father's knuckles to his forehead. He squeezed his eyes closed, willing his tears to recede. He bit his tongue, keeping himself from snapping. He breathed deeply. *Think Will. Give him an actual reason to stay. A reason he'd actually care about.*

"Moving to Maryland will cost a bunch, dad. Why take a bonus if it'll be gone by the time we get there?" Will pleaded.

"They're paying double my salary, plus a bonus," His father smirked down at the boy. He pulled his hand from Will's grasp and reached for his cigarette box in his breast pocket. He

placed the sickening stick on his lips and looked at Will expectantly.

Will scrambled up to grab the lighter from the table. As he gave his father a light, Will asked, “What about the trailer? We just got the loans paid off.”

The man breathed in deeply, inhaling the sweet sweet nicotine. He released the smoke, letting the cloud billow around him and his son. Will coughed but stayed at his father’s side. The man smirked once more. Amused by his son’s coughing and his pleading, “Good credit makes it easier to git one up there.”

The idea of moving was not new to Will. He had lived so many places on the coast, he couldn’t even remember all the schools he’d attended. But the idea of leaving now that he finally made connections, after he’d finally made it through a year of school, was invited to a party, and treated like a normal teenager; it was too much. He felt tears brim his eyes. He hugged his arms tightly around himself.

“Boy, you’d better not be fuckin’ crying,” His father interrupted his thoughts as he angrily stabbed his cigarette in an ash tray on the table.

Will stiffened and blink his tears back. He stuttered as calmly as he could, “S-Sorry, dad.”

“I can give you something to cry about, if that’s what you want, boy?” His father snapped. He gestured to his belt threateningly. His father was a strict believer in corporate punishment and would often beat Will. It was even worse when he was drunk.

Will flinched away, shaking his head vigorously, “No dad, please.”

“Git me a cold one,” His father ordered gruffly. Will scurried to the kitchen, happy to have escaped his father’s rage. He grabbed a Miller from the fridge and quickly returned it to his father. He shuffled his feet waiting for his father to finish his first drink. He had million questions and more pleading. Maybe he could change his father's mind.

He cleared his throat, when his father had finished. The man looked displeased that Will was still there, “Go to bed. We got a long day tomorrow.”

“We leaving tomorrow?” Will asked soberly. All hopes of staying were crushed. There would be no changing his father's mind.

“Packin’ tomorrow and leave the next day.”

Will nodded sadly. He turned and went to his room. All dreams of a party gone. His friends at school were gone. His sense of familiarity that had been growing was gone. All that was left was a pit. He'd be the forever new weird kid. He'd never be normal. He would never have friends. Never have a place to call home.

He wanted to sob, but dared not cry while he lay on the mattress. His father had ears like a bat and would hear him sniveling. He'd be on Will with a belt in a heartbeat. Instead, Will curled in a ball, tugging his sheets up around himself. Swaddling himself in the worn soft fabric. He imagined he was being held by his father. Being comforted by loving arms instead

of the ones that threatened punishment. He imagined his father telling him he'd make new friends and he was proud of him for adjusting.

To these musings and false comforts, Will managed to fall asleep.

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Will helped his father pack up their belongings and load them in the back of his dad's truck and the little trailer they kept for their yearly moves. They were an efficient team and packed quickly. Will was too experienced with moving to not be expedite.

At the end of the day, though they were packed his father was irritated and at the edge of blowing up. He wanted to drink, but couldn't because he'd be driving the next day. Will had offered to drive the next day, secretly wanting his father to go cool off a bit. His father had slapped him across the face and told him to get out of his face. Will fled to his empty room.

He sat in his empty closest, nursing his bruised cheek. He liked sitting in the dark small spaces. They felt safe. In fact wherever they lived, Will always found a small safe dark place. When he was a little he always loved hiding under the kitchen sink. When he got too big for the sink, he hid in closets or under his bed. But wherever he went, he always wrote his name in his hiding spot. In this particular closet, he had carved WILL into the closet wall. He ran his fingers along the carving. This would be the last night he'd be safe here. His little spot would be ripped away once more. They were never permanent.

*

The move was a success. They arrived in Maryland to a sleazy trailer park, a dingy school district, and only sporting a couple of yellow bruises. Will's father wasted no time in enrolling his son into the local high school before touring through every bar and pub in a ten mile radius.

While his father went on a drinking rampage, Will tried to unpack their things alone in the smelly trailer. The ugly blue carpet was old and stained and the ceiling was brown from smoke. Will wished he lived in a place that didn't reek of alcohol and smoke. Will dreamed of the day he'd have his own place. Somewhere far from the city docks. Somewhere in the mountains where the air smelled crisp. His favorite memories were when he went fishing with his father in the woods. His father had been calm and happy. They had fished for days. The trees and running water called to Will, promising peace and tranquility.

Will woke from his daydream, shivers running down his spine and the hair on his neck rising. He felt eyes on him.

"Hello?" He called tentatively, feeling stupid for even speaking.

He looked around. The trailer was quiet. Will had the living room light on as he unpacked his father's things. The darkened rooms down the hall were quiet. The large front window looked out to the road through the trailer park. It was dusk, but there was still light about. Will looked out and saw a couple of men smoking on a porch up the road but they were paying him no mind. He glanced up and down the street a few more times but saw no one.

There's no one there, Will. Stop freaking out. It's just new.

But the feeling of being watched persisted. It burned at Will's neck and he kept glancing out the large window. He couldn't focus on unpacking while being watched. He remembered the old frayed curtains his mother had had. They used to be pretty with lots of colors, but the heavy smoking had dulled their color. His father has wanted to toss them, but Will couldn't bear it as they reminded him of her.

Now, he was glad he still had them. He could put the curtains up and not worry about anyone watching him. He just had to find where he stashed them.

He opened every single box searching for the damn curtains, pulling items and scattering them about the room. When he finally found them, he struggled hanging them up, that by the time he was adjusting the curtains closed, he saw his father's truck pull in.

"Shit," Will looked around at the mess he'd created. Boxes lay on their sides with items scattered across the room. He had meant to unpack, but he just created a monster of a mess. His father would be furious. He would want his TV and furniture all arranged by this point, not a mess.

Will studied the room. If one ignored the clutter and total mess of strewn boxes, the room was almost set up. The recliner sat in the right spot, so was one of the side tables, but the TV was nowhere in sight. Maybe if he got the TV up, his father would forgive the mess. Will ran to the kitchen and lugged out the thick screen. He carried it into the living room as his father walked through the door.

"What the fuck, Will?" His father looked around the tiny dump of a room.

Will kept his head down and immediately began connecting cables. *Turn the TV on. Just turn the TV on. You won't get in trouble if the damn TV's on!*

The TV clicked on and Will sighed with relief and turned to his father smiling. His smile melted when he saw his father's stone cold expression.

"This room's a fuckin' mess! What have ya been doing this whole time? I leave for a couple hours and ya managed to do nothing but make a fuckin' mess!" His father yelled, gesturing wildly at the boxes. Spit flew from his father's mouth, and Will flinched from the oppressive smell of alcohol reeking from his father.

Will looked down at the stained blue carpet. He wondered if any of the stains were blood. He wondered if his blood would stain the carpet too, "I'm sorry. I'm really sorry."

The angry man suddenly noticed the curtains hanging in the front window, "You had time to put up the fucking curtains? But nothing else, what the hell, boy?"

"I thought- I thought someone was watching me. I couldn't focus, so I had to find the curtains. I got distracted, I'm sorry, dad," Will sniffled, trying to fight back the tears.

His father walked to the window and tore open the curtains looking up and down the darkened gravel street.

"I don't see anybody," He said darkly. Will heard the familiar click and pull of his father's belt.

He scrambled to his feet, "I really, *really* thought somebody was out there dad! I swear! I'm sorry. I'll clean this all up right now. I'm sorry," Will begged but his father already had his belt looped and fisted in his hand.

"Git over here, boy," The man ordered. Will went, knowing it was better to obey than not. His father grabbed the back of his shirt collar and pushed him against the window glass. Will was forced to look outside the trailer window, "Ya see anyone?"

He shook his head, "No, sir."

"That's because there ain't anybody out there, you little shit," His father's belt hit him across the back of his jeans and he cried out. His father hit him again and asked, "See anybody now?"

Will whimpered but looked. Just beyond the street at the corner of the other trailer home, Will swore he saw a man staring at him. "Dad!" he practically screamed, "Dad look! There's a man right there!"

His father pulled the curtain away, but the man was already gone, melting into the shadows. "You lying little fucker. You'd say anything to get out of a punishment." He slammed Will back into the window and rained the belt down on him until Will's cries gave way to whimpering. His father released his shirt collar and he collapsed to the ground.

"There ain't nobody watching you, because ya ain't worth watching," His father hissed to the cowering boy, "Now git your ass to bed. I expect this mess clean when I get home. Ya hear?"

Will nodded tearfully, "Yes, sir."

"Good, now git outta here."

Will scrambled to his room and closed the door. He sat in the dark crying. He knew he had angry red welts all down his backside. He knew they'd sting all during school. He wished he was back in Louisiana, so he could crawl into his little closet, but it was gone.

He curled up on his unmade mattress and tried to ignore the prickling sensation down his neck. Someone was watching him through his window. But Will didn't look up, he just drew his legs tighter to his chest.

Dad's right, nobody's watching you. You ain't worth it.

Will sobbed himself to sleep while the quiet shadow watched him through his window.

Chapter 2

In the morning, Will hauled himself out of bed. He smelled of sweat but he was too afraid to use the shower in case his father needed it. So he stripped his soaked T-shirt and replaced it with a dry one. He rolled on some deodorant, hoping it would mask his unshowered state. He left his jeans alone, not wanting to irritate his sensitive skin. He didn't know how he was going to manage sitting all day at school. He supposed the same way he had every other time his father beat him: Grin and bear it.

He pulled on a large hoodie and snuck out of his room. The trailer was dark and quiet. Will slipped his backpack on at the door and silently left the house.

The dawn was beautiful, and Will felt his mood lighten at the sound of birds singing and fresh air. He let himself smile as he walked to school.

As he approached he could see kids jumping out of buses and cars, heading into the old building. All of them were a few weeks into their school year. Will hated starting late. He hated being new. He'd be behind on projects and friendships. His only hope was to keep his head down and work his way through the year without getting in trouble.

He headed to the office. They gave him a schedule and sent him down the main hallway. He was immediately overwhelmed by the sheer number of students. He tried to make himself as small as possible as he searched for his first class.

The bell rang startling Will and causing the mass of students to scurry into classrooms. After about a minute the hall was clear except for Will who stood looking lost and confused. He turned around in place wondering how he'd ever find one classroom in this sea of a building. He kept searching.

Finally, after several minutes of searching, a gruff looking janitor yelled at him to get to class. "Bell rang ten minutes ago, why ain't you in class?"

"I'm sorry, I don't know where to go."

The man softened at Will's confused state and gestured for him to hand him his schedule. Will handed it to him; he looked at it then pointed down the hallway, "See that hallway on the left? It's down there. The first classroom, right before the stairs."

Will thanked the man profusely then hurried down the direction the janitor had pointed. He found the classroom and slipped inside. The teacher was rather confused to see him, demanding his schedule. After verifying he was in fact in their class, the teacher grumbled angrily about 'too many students in a class' and 'this fucking district didn't pay them enough'. They seated Will in the back at a side table because all the desks were taken. Will didn't mind, at least more eyes would be off him. It meant he could shift and wince in discomfort without people noticing.

The day continued about the same, Will wandering hopelessly around until an adult would yell at him. Will daydreamed that a nice boy would sweep him under his arm and show him the whole school. He dreamed that he'd introduce him to his friends, and they'd adopt him into their group. He'd eat lunch with them, joining in on their chatter and laughing at their jokes. Then after school they'd all hang out and he'd get invited to a party.

It was a pretty good dream. Before he knew it he was walking home lost in his daydream, smiling stupidly to no one but himself.

Suddenly, he felt the uncomfortable sensation of being watched. He looked around, He was walking on the side of the road with the occasional car driving past. He scanned the surrounding houses and buildings but didn't notice anyone. He kept walking.

Almost at the entrance of the trailer park, he felt the prickling feeling. He whipped around and was almost shocked to see a man standing a few yards from him. The man was tall and lean wearing dark jeans and a black leather jacket, which helped him blend into the shadow of the building. He was casually leaning against the brick wall, looking relaxed and unbothered, except that his eyes bore holes into Will.

They stared at each other for a few moments while Will's heart rate skyrocketed. He was rooted to the spot until the man suddenly shifted upright from the wall and began strolling toward him.

As if released from a trap, Will turned and bolted from the man. He had no idea if the man was following him or not, but his gut told him to get to his house as fast as possible.

He got to his door and stabbed the key into the door. He dropped it on the first attempt but managed to turn it successfully the second try. It finally opened. The door slammed shut behind him as he slid the dead bolt into place. He collapsed against the closed door as he panted for air. Finally getting the courage, he went to the window and peeked out.

At first he saw nothing. The road was dead and the neighbors all gone or locked away in their trailers. There was no sign of the tall man with the terrifying stare. But then he noticed a black car sitting just down the road. It looked like no one was there, but Will could have sworn he saw a shadow move inside it.

He backed away from the window, letting the curtain fall close over the window. *There's a guy out there. There's a guy watching me!* Will frowned, another terrible thought coming to mind.

Dad won't believe me.

Will began biting at his nails, a nervous tick that drove his father up the walls. *I can't tell him. He'll think I'm lying. But there's a guy out there! Shit! Dad's gonna kill me if I say anything.*

Will paced nervously around the little living room. Looking around the room anxiously, he noticed the mess he left the night before, half empty boxes scattered around the room. He didn't know what to do about the man outside, but he did know his father would be back and if he didn't have the boxes unpacked and the house clean, it'd be his ass. So, he unpacked the

boxes and pushed the pressing thoughts away. Before he knew it, the job was done and he was left with nothing but the prickling feeling down his neck.

He decided to distract himself again by making dinner. He managed to find a can of soup and began heating it on the little stove. He jumped when he heard a key in the lock and the door open. He clutched the ladle tightly in panic.

He heard his dad's familiar shuffling and the thud as he fell into the recliner, "Will?"

Will released the breath he didn't realize he was holding and put the ladle down. He walked to the living room and forced a smiled, "Hey dad, I'm making soup, ya want some?"

His father was slumped in his recliner. Sighing in relief to be off his feet, "Na, just git me a beer."

Will grabbed his father a beer and handed it tentatively to the man. He shuffled his feet awkwardly as the man drank his fill. He wanted to say something about the man outside, but his stinging backside reminded him what happened if he spoke up.

His father seemed to notice him lurking by, "What, boy?"

"Nothing," Will shrugged. *I'm not telling him, he won't believe me.* He scurried off to the kitchen and poured himself some soup. He ate it in the kitchen out of his father's sight. Once he finished, he cleaned up and then quietly went to get ready for bed. He washed and dressed as quickly and silently as possible, ignoring his irritated skin.

He closed his blinds tight and prayed that the man would be gone in the morning.

***

The boy was perfect.

It'd only been two days, but Francis knew. *That* was the one. He was a sight to behold, pretty brown curls surrounding an innocent cupid face. Beautiful lips that broke apart when he cried. Big blue eyes that stared him down even though they were filled with fear. And a delicious slim body, just ripe for the taking.

The Dragon growled beneath the surface. He'd take this little angel and turn him into a dragon. He would create him after his own image. In the image of evil, he would make him.

Francis smiled when he heard the boy's father call out to his son. *Will.*

You're mine, Will . The Dragon thought.

Chapter 3

Will ran all the way from home to school the next day. No, he didn't see the suspicious black car or the scary man, but he ran nonetheless.

School was average, and Will found himself more preoccupied with the problem of going home than with advanced algebra. He practiced holding his house key between his fingers as a sort of weapon against the man. At lunch, with no one to sit by, he went to the library and scoured the internet for self-defense strategies. The websites told him that when he was attacked, he should strike at the guy's most sensitive parts, his eyes and crotch.

Will swallowed hard, *When? When did it turn into a when and not an if? He might not do anything.*

But Will felt certain the man would do something, so as he walked home he kept an eye out for anything suspicious and held his key so tightly his knuckles turned white. He was almost home, at the entrance of the trailer park, when a voice interrupted his thoughts.

"Hello, Will."

Will jumped at the sound of the voice. He spun around and held up his key like a knife in warning, "Stay away!"

The man was once again leaning against the brick wall, hidden in it's shadow. The man stepped forward laughing, "Will, Will, Will. What are you doing walking out here?"

"How do you know my name?" Will demanded, stepping back as the man approached him.

"I know everything, Will," The man smiled creepily. He casually stepped closer to the trembling boy.

"Stop! Stay- Stay right there!" Will tried to sound strong but his voice cracked and his whole body shook with fear. His feet had turned to lead and he was glued to the spot by the man's gaze.

That gaze. That terrifying gaze. Will could read the man. He didn't know if he could put words to everything he saw. But he saw evil and it petrified him.

The man stepped into his space. He pushed Will's arm away, which fell to his side useless. He caressed the boy's face with a rough hand, cradling his face. He stroked his thumb under Will's wide watering blue eyes.

"It's alright, little dragon. I'm not leaving," The man hushed.

"Who-Who are you?"

The man smiled, “My name’s Francis Dolarhyde, but you will call me the Great Red Dragon.”

Francis wrapped his arm around the boy’s waist and pulled him to his side. Will squeaked at the sudden movement.

“What are you doing?” He cried in alarm.

Dolarhyde began walking, pulling the boy with him. Will stumbled after him caught in his grasp. He tried to squirm out, but the arm tightened with the unspeakable threat of power, “Stop struggling, Will.”

Will realized that they had entered the trailer park and were headed toward his father’s trailer. He let himself be led to his front door where Dolarhyde finally released him. He backed away from the man immediately.

“It’s getting late, little one. You should go inside,”

“Why are you doing this?” Will asked nervously, posed to run if needed.

Dolarhyde ignored his question and looked up to the sky, “There’s a full moon tonight. Dragons hunt on full moons. I’ll see you in the moonlight.”

He turned and began walking away. Leaving Will standing stunned on his front doorstep.

“Stay away from me!” Will shouted after Dolarhyde after he’d walked quite a ways away.

Dolarhyde glanced back with an amused expression, “I’ll see you soon, little dragon.”

Will shuddered and quickly locked himself inside the house.

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“You’ve got to believe me! There was a man outside. He talked to me, he knew my name!”

Will's father paced the living room as Will tried to tell him about the dangerous man. His father was only hearing a far fetched story.

“What did you say his name was?” He grumbled, with more patience than Will expected.

“Francis, Francis something, but he called himself the Great Red Dragon.”

His frown deepened, “He tryin’ to sell you something, boy?”

“No!”

“Gettin’ ya in a gang or somethin’?”

“No!” Will cried, “It’s not a gang, it's just a guy!”

“Then why are you so worked up about it?!” His father yelled.

“Because- Because the way he looked at me and the way he talked. It was like he knew me already!”

“It was probably just some druggie neighbor, Will.”

“But he knew my name and where I lived.”

“Lots of people know that, Will. And it ain’t hard to find out either with the internet and all. And if he’s a neighbor, he knows all our business- the walls are thin. Ya need to stop worrying about it.”

“But he said he’d be back!”

"When exactly?" His father grabbed the nearest bottle and took a large swig.

"Tonight! It's a full moon. He said dragons hunt on full moons!"

"Dragons? What the hell, Will!" His father slammed the bottle down on the table which shook precariously.

"Yes, that's what he said." Will whispered, suddenly realizing how unhinged he must sound to his father.

The man rubbed his temple, "You better not be on fucking drugs, boy."

"I'm not! I swear I'm not on anything!"

"Fucking druggie like your mother," His father grumbled and began uncorking a new whiskey bottle before glaring at Will, "I'll keep an eye out, ya just go to bed and calm the fuck down."

Will knew it was agreement or a beating, so he nodded, wringing his hands. He anxiously went to his room. He dragged his mattress across the small room to sit on the floor by his dresser. He moved his dresser from the wall, making a little indent for himself. He sat at the top of the mattress. The dresser hid him from the window across the room.

Will felt the man's eyes searching through the window. He tucked his legs tight to his body.

He wanted to tell his father that the man watching them was evil. That whoever he was was watching them *right now* , but he couldn't get the courage. It was already a ridiculous story, and the added fact that he had no proof didn't help at all. Telling would just give his father another reason to beat some sense into him. So, Will stayed where he was, in his makeshift hideaway from the window. Praying the man would go away.

*

The sound of breaking glass woke Will. The cool night air chilled his bare feet, but the large shadow of the man standing in front of him chilled him to the bone. Before he could scream, the man pounced on him and pushed him belly down on the mattress. Will tried to scream

then but a large hand covered his mouth while the man's heavy body settled over his thrashing body.

The man grabbed his right arm and bent it behind his back. The man's knee pinned Will's arm to his back. It dug sharply into the boy's wrist and back making him cry in pain. His sobs were muffled by the hand latched to his face, his nails digging into Will's tear stained skin. His other arm was quickly wrestled and pinned behind his back as well.

The man grabbed one of Will's socks and stuffed it into his mouth. Will gagged at the sock, but his sounds were cut off as a strip of duct tape sealed his mouth closed. The man shifted down Will's body, straddling him while holding his wrists tightly together. Will felt a slim piece of plastic wrap around his wrist, he kicked and thrashed but the zip tie tightened, cutting his wrists painfully.

The man flipped Will over. His wrists and arms screamed in pain at being tied and crushed beneath him. The man leaned over him. Leering down at him, he hushed him softly, "Shhh, little dragon."

Will stilled, as he stared wide eyed at Francis Dolarhyde above him. Dolarhyde smiled, his eyes wild, "It's time to hunt."

He pulled Will to his feet. Holding him by the back of the neck and wrists, he pushed him out of his room into the living room. Will let out a sob when he saw his father passed out drunk on his recliner. He tried to run to him but Dolarhyde held him back, pulling him back to his chest.

"You want to wake him up?" Dolarhyde whispered in Will's ear. Will nodded, terrified. "You have to promise not to scream," Will nodded frantically. Dolarhyde reached up to Will's face and ripped the duct tape away. Will coughed the sock from his mouth. Dolarhyde released Will and he stumbled forward.

Collapsing at his father's feet, Will sobbed, "Dad…"

"Wake him up," Dolarhyde commanded.

Will glared, as bravely as he could, at Dolarhyde, "Leave us alone!"

Dolarhyde glowered at Will. He reached behind his back and pulled a pistol with a silencer attached to the barrel. He pointed it at Will's father, "Wake him up, now Will."

"No! Don't please!" Will begged. He staggered to his feet, "I'll wake him up."

Will turned to his father. "Dad, please you gotta wake up. Wake up! Wake up!"

His father stirred and groaned, but did not wake up. Will wanted to shake him but his arms were still painfully tied back. Will leaned down and nudged his father's shoulder, "Wake up, please!"

His father jerked awake , his hands flying unconsciously. He shoved Will away, making him fall unceremoniously on the stained carpet. He looked around his eyes, bloodshot from

alcohol consumption.

"Get off me, boy," he roared in anger. He moved to stand but finally saw the dragon. His eyes widened in disbelief.

Dolarhyde grinned manically as he raised his gun.

"Will, get out-"

A sound of whistle and a strike, and Will's father fell back on the recliner. A bloody splotch grew on his stained shirt.

"No!" Will screamed. He threw himself at his father praying the gun shot wasn't fatal. "Dad! Wake up! NO Dad!"

But the blood poured from the wound. The alcohol in his system was making his blood gush. Will's father blinked slowly. He raised his hand and touched Will's face softly, "Will-"

"Dad, no please," Will sobbed, pressing his face into his father's hand.

The dying man coughed and splattered blood across Will's terrified face. His father dropped his hand from Will's face to cover his mouth as he retched up blood, bile, and foul whiskey from his stomach.

Behind them, Dolarhyde hissed in displeasure, "Get away from him."

Will leaned closer to his father, ignoring the bile and the man behind him, "Dad, dad, you gotta stay with me. Dad please!"

His father's breath became irregular and his coughs ragged. "Will- you got–to–to go-," His father choked out between coughs.

His throat made a gurgling gasp. His eyes grew wide as his face turned purple. He sputtered but could not draw a breath. Will watched in frozen horror as his father bled and choked to death before him.

The man seized, a strange tremor passed, and then he was finally still. Will stared wide eyed at the body of his father. Was he really dead? Or was this just another drunken stupor?

This isn't happening. He isn't dead. He's just drunk. He's covered in his own vomit. He'll wake up. Right? He's not dead. He's not dead. He's not dead–

"Will!" Dolarhyde snapped.

Will jumped at the sudden voice. His father was indeed dead before him, and Will was covered in his blood. *He's dead. It's real. My dad's dead.*

His anger burst from within and he screamed at the murderer before him, "You killed him! You monster!"

Will straightened on his shaky legs. His arms were still zip tied behind his back. He had no leverage but he charged Dolarhyde in his blind rage.

He slammed into the dragon and knocked him over. Dolarhyde grunted as he hit the floor. Will quickly rolled away and scrambled to his feet. He ran to the front door. He turned to use his bound hands to open the door and saw the large beast of a man rise from the ground.

The deadbolt was above the doorknob. Will couldn't raise his arms high enough to reach it while his hands were bound. He gave up on the front door and dashed to his room.

"Enough, Will," A dangerous voice sounded behind him.

He kicked the door closed and pressed his body against the back of it, as Dolarhyde tried to open it. "Open the door," Dolarhyde ordered threateningly as he pounded on the shaky frame.

Will looked desperately around. His room was dark except for the moonlight through his broken window.

The window! I can get out the window. Will thought. He'd have to run as fast as possible but he could make it.

Dolarhyde's entire body slammed against the door. Will was thrown forward. He flung himself back and braced himself for the next barrage. When Dolarhyde hit the door next, Will would run to the window.

Dolarhyde stuck the door once more. Will managed to keep the door closed then rushed to the window. He cried out as his foot was sliced by the broken glass from the window. He tripped falling by the window. He braced his shoulder against the wall and pushed himself to stand on his good foot.

Dolarhyde burst through the door.

Will threw himself at the window. Jagged glass on the window caught stomach as he pushed through. He tumbled to the ground, His head hit the ground making him see white spots.

He lay gasping on the cold ground, unable to move.

A large dark form appeared above him. It crawled out of the window and jumped down, landing with a thud by the gasping boy.

"Will, Will, Will. What are you doing out here?" Said a dangerous voice.

Will groaned as he tried to get to his feet. Large hands wrapped around his waist and pulled him roughly to his feet, his back pressed against the man. He gasped in pain as one of Dolarhyde's hands slipped around him, probing at the wound on his stomach.

"You cut yourself, little dragon."

"No no no no," Will moaned. His head ached and the cut on his stomach and foot throbbed. His vision was foggy. *I have to get away from him* , was Will's only thought. He twisted in

Dolarhyde's arms, breaking away from the man.

Dolarhyde released his grip on Will. Will fell without his support. Dolarhyde tsked Will softly, "Little one, you need help."

"Get away from me," Will tried to scoot away, but hands grabbed his ankles and pulled him harshly back. The gravel foundation scraped Will's chin. He felt Dolarhyde wrap a zip tie around his ankles. He tried to kick the man but he was held still. The ziptie was fastened securely, binding Will's ankles together.

"You don't run from me," Dolarhyde stated darkly. His hand glided down Will's ankle to his injured foot. He hovered over the cut, then, without warning, pressed his thumb into the bleeding cut. Will shrieked in pain. Dolarhyde grabbed the boy's head and slammed on the ground. Will blacked out and the night was silent.

Chapter 4

Will's head throbbed. He attempted to open his eyes afraid light would jolt his headache even more. Thankfully, as he blinked, he realized the area around him was dark and small. He was trapped in some sort of box, until it hit him that the rough carpet and rocking motion could only mean that he was in the trunk of a car. He remembered reading somewhere that if one were trapped in a trunk they should kick out the tail light and wave out. Will saw no sign of a tail light and when he tried to move he was painfully reminded of his bindings.

His wrists were bound so tightly together they cut bloodily into his skin. His ankles were tethered in the same manner, but at least his legs weren't twisted painfully behind his back like his arms. He lay on his side curled to fit in the small space. His right arm was numb from being laid on for so long. His face felt numb from the duck tape gag.

How long had it been? Will didn't want to think about it, but without trying his father's unseeing eyes appeared in his mind. *He's dead* , his brain supplied him. That couldn't be right. His father was the scariest person on earth, there was no way he was dead.

But Will remembered it all. He could feel his father's fear and remorse as he bled out. He witnessed the life leaving his eyes. Will shuddered. His father had been his abuser for his whole life, but now that he was gone, Will desperately wanted him back. He would take the beatings and yelling if it meant he didn't have to be here. With him.

The thought of Dolarhyde petrified the boy. Would Dolarhyde kill him as he did his father? Will didn't think so, when Will looked into the Dragon's eyes, he hadn't seen murderous intent, at least not directed at himself. Instead, he saw a monster. An obsessive evil monster.

The rolling of the car lurched to a stop, halting the boy's thoughts. The roar of the engine quieted. Will heard a car door open and slam. His breath picked up, his nostrils flared. That monster was coming.

He heard the man's footsteps stop in front of the trunk and a set of keys jingling. The lock was engaged and the lid opened. Will flinched back, squeezing his eyes shut from the bright moonlight invading his sensitive eyes.

Dolarhyde chuckled as he caressed Will's face, "You have a concussion, that's what you get for running."

Will jerked his head away from the petting hand. He instantly regretted it as pain seared through his temple at the sudden movement. Dolarhyde sighed unhappily repeating himself "You have a concussion, stop moving your head."

Will glared at the tall man. If the duct tape was gone, he'd have spat at the man. All he could do now was glower and wish death upon him.

Dolarhyde reached down and brought out something Will couldn't see, "You've been very difficult, Will. You need help. But you're not going to let me help you, are you?"

Will continued to glare at the man. Dolarhyde huffed. He held up his hand. In it was a syringe. Will's eyes widened in fear. He yelled through the tape, but it was all muffled. "Shhh, shhh. We'll get the tape off soon," Dolarhyde soothed. Will thrashed as the syringe was stabbed into his arm.

Will felt the liquid flow through his veins. The drug made his limbs heavy, but his mind stayed clear.

"There we are." Dolarhyde drew a switchblade. He cut Will's ankles free then his wrists. He pulled the duct tape from Will's mouth. Will's tongue lulled heavy. He felt drool begin to drip from his lips. He was helpless to do anything except keep his eyes open.

Dolarhyde hauled him from the trunk. He carried him from the car. All Will could do was watch. He saw the dark car he had emerged from. He saw trees and the night sky filled with stars. There was a light up head. It was a porch light. Will saw a barn, but Dolarhyde headed towards a 2-story house up a hill.

Dolarhyde trudged up the hill and arrived at the house. He walked up the porch stairs and shifted Will over his shoulder. Will dangled over Dolarhyde, only seeing the man's black leather jacket. Will heard the keys once more and then a door opened.

Dolarhyde carried him inside and set Will down on something soft. Will's head sagged but he could see he was in a living room of sorts. Father off, Will caught a glimpse of a kitchen before Dolarhyde appeared once more. "We've got to move again, upstairs to our room."

He scooped Will up and Will noticed a flight of stairs. He was carried up and into a large bedroom. He had no time to study it as he was conveyed into an adjacent room. The old tiles told him it was a bathroom. He was placed on the cold floor. Will's body shivered.

Dolarhyde turned the water on and began filling the tub. He turned back to Will. "Let's get you cleaned up."

He sat on the floor and pulled Will up so he was sitting propped up against Dolarhyde's chest. Will's head sagged down but Dolarhyde tipped his head back, forcing him to lean his back on his shoulder.

"You're covered in filth, Will," Dolarhyde noted before gripping the bottom of Will's soiled shirt and pulling it up to reveal Will's stomach. He lifted Will's arms and wrestled the shirt off him. Will whined but couldn't get his mouth to form words or his body to move.

Dolarhyde ran his hands over Will's chest. He probed Will's wound on his stomach. It was a long cut about seven inches long, but not deep. It would heal quickly. Will still screamed when the man touched it. The monster moved his hands down to Will's jeans. He unbuttoned the jeans and unzipped the zipper. Will whined loudly. He did not want his clothes removed. He did not want to be touched. He wanted to go home. He wanted his father. His eyes were swelling with tears.

"You don't need clothes for a bath," Dolarhyde chided. He shifted away from Will as he lay Will flat on the tiles once more. He drew his jeans down, forcing Will's hips up so he could

shimmy the garment off. Will's jeans were quickly discarded with his shirt leaving him in just his underwear. Dolarhyde reached for the elastic waistband.

"N-nu-n-" Will panically managed to articulate, gaining back a little of his ability.

Dolarhyde frowned angrily. His nails scrapped Will's hips as he ripped the shorts off, leaving Will naked and shivering on the floor. Dolarhyde shifted once more and dragged Will to the tub. The water was warm as Will was lifted and positioned in the tub. Will was propped against the side of the tub, his head lulling on his shoulders. Dolarhyde kneeled beside the tub. He picked up an old rag and dipped it into the water. He wrapped his arms around the boy and began to wash him with the cloth. Will couldn't move, but he managed to keep a chorus of "Nu-nn-n-nuu"'s as Dolarhyde groped him in the guise of cleaning the boy.

Once the bile and blood was washed away, the monster moved to the boy's hair. The monster took an especially long time washing the dark curls. He ran his hands through the boy's locks, feeling their softness between his fingers. After a while, Dolarhyde must have realized the water was beginning to chill and drained the tub. He lifted the boy and set him back down on the tile floor.

Dolarhyde toweled the boy dry. He bandaged the cut on Will's stomach and his foot. He then spread an ointment on Will's bruised wrists and ankles. It cooled the irritated skin. Will squeezed his eyes shut trying to wish himself away. Wishing did not work.

"There. Let's get you to bed." Dolarhyde carried Will from the bathroom.

Will's eyes search the new room. There was a large bed which Will was ceremoniously placed in. He noted another door on the other side of the bed mirroring the bathroom's door. Will saw no windows, only dark wood paneling on all the walls, floor, and ceiling. Opposite the bed on the wall, directly in Will's line of sight, was a large painting. Will could only make out a dark figure in the painting. It looked like a great big demon, just like the man.

Dolarhyde leered into his field of vision above him. Will's breath caught and he tried to shift away. He found his body moved ever so slightly. Dolarhyde noticed and the monster frowned, "No, Will. You're staying here."

Will told his brain to speak and lucky enough his mouth opened, "N-nu, e-ease, nuu," was all he could say.

Dolarhyde chuckled, "Your tongue is quick, little one."

"Le mee guh!" Will managed to annunciate before Dolarhyde silenced him with a cold hand on his chest. Will quieted as goosebumps broke out all over his chest. Will suddenly became very much aware of his nakedness. Dolarhyde rubbed circles on the boy's chest as it rose and fell quickly. The tears were streaming down the sides of his face. He was terrified.

"Shhh, you're fine. This is your new home." Dolarhyde continued to stroke the boy's chest possessively.

"N-no, lease le me go, please. I wanna gu 'ome."

“None of that. You’re home.” Dolarhyde patted Will’s head before standing up, “I want to show you something.”

Dolarhyde walked to the end of the bed and gestured to the painting on the wall, “This is the Great Red Dragon.”

Will frowned in confusion. *Why was he telling him this? The man made no sense, a killer in one moment then an obsessive maniac the next.*

Dolarhyde looked in awe at the portrait. “It’s the essence of power. The domination and destruction of the world. It is perfection, and it is I.”

He turned back to Will, “The Red Dragon will consume the earth, devour civilizations, and raze cities with fire and brimstone.”

“‘ed dragon?” Will asked, frightened by the madman’s ramblings.

Dolarhyde grinned wickedly at Will, “Yes, the Great Red Dragon,” he touched the painting fervently, “You can see him here in all his glory. He is my becoming.”

Will stared in confusion. What did the man mean? His becoming?

As if he could hear Will’s thoughts, the man explained, “I am becoming the Great Red Dragon, little one. I will conquer the woman clothed in the sun. She will fall before me. But before the woman, the Dragon must be sated.”

Dolarhyde turned his back on Will and pulled his shirt over his head, displaying his intimidating form, muscular and toned. On his back, a great tattoo was drawn in black ink. Will recognized it as a copy of the picture on the wall. The man flexed his back and the picture moved as his muscles rippled. The dragon tossed his shirt away as he turned once more to Will, paralyzed on the bed.

“You will satisfy the Dragon and, in turn, I will guide you.” Dolarhyde crept closer, “We are similar, Will. We are both dragons. You will be my little dragon, the Red Dragon’s very own.”

Will glared. He was not like the man. He would never be like that monster. He mustered all his strength and spat out, “I’m not like you!”

The Dragon breathed in deeply as if inhaling the boy’s fear and anger, “I will show you the Great Red Dragon and you will please me.”

WARNING: THE FOLLOWING CONTAINS GRAPHIC DEPICTIONS OF RAPE.

Will heard the tell-tell sound of a click, pull of a belt and then a zipper being drawn. He watched in horror as the man removed his belt and shucked his pants. Will could see the man's erection tenting the man's briefs.

Will's eyes darted up to the man's face in panic. The monster's eyes stared down at him, roaming his body with lust. Dolarhyde reached down and groaned as he rubbed himself through the fabric. Dolarhyde's mouth hung open as he moaned once more.

"Nu, no, no," Will murmured. His breath was ragged and he was afraid, oh so afraid. He couldn't move. He couldn't run away. He was caught as the Dragon approached him. He could do nothing. Nothing.

Dolarhyde continued to stroke himself through the dampening fabric as he neared the boy's side. He ran his free hand through the boy's damp hair. Will wailed as tears ran down his cheeks, "Please- please, don't."

The dragon's caress stopped as he fisted the boy's curls tightly. Will cried out in pain as the dragon twisted his hair cruelly. He forced the boy's head back, displaying his slim neck. Dolarhyde's hand left his throbbing member and wrapped tightly around Will's throat.

"You're mine, little one," the dragon squeezed Will's neck. Will gasped and sputtered as his air was cut off. The dragon held him until his vision blurred. All Will could see was Dolarhyde's pointy teeth.

I'm going to be eaten alive. Will thought as he fought for consciousness.

The hand released his airways and he gasped for breath. He felt dizzy as his vision spun while he heaved for breath.

A hand once more grabbed his hair and yanked it back. He let his mouth fall open as he lay gasping in the dragon's bed, unable to move or flee.

Without warning, several fingers dipped into Will's open mouth. Will gagged and tried biting down, but the other hand held his jaw open. Will wasn't even sure if he had the strength to bite down. The fingers plunged deeper into Will's mouth. Will choked and coughed, his spittle spreading over the man's hand.

The hand drew from Will's mouth covered in slick saliva. The hand trailed down Will's body, leaving a wet trail. The hand reached down between Will's legs. A place no one had touched him before. No one was supposed to touch him there.

Will sobbed, "Please don't, please don't, don't!"

The hands disappeared, but a large shadow suddenly covered him. Dolarhyde spread the boy's limp legs apart and settled between them. Will realized the man's briefs were gone and his tormentor was dangerously naked. It made the boy sob harder. The monster's hands returned. Will felt the wet hand prob at his asshole.

The man held the boy's ass cheeks apart as he pushed his finger into the little hole. The boy screamed and his whole body jerked violently, but his body was still out of his control.

"Nooo, stop, please. Stop please sir," Will wailed as the dragon's fingers forced him open.

The monster shifted up the boy's body and kissed his blubbering lips while the finger continued to push into Will's unwilling body.

"No," the boy shrieked once more before Dolarhyde claimed his lips. His tongue forced into the smaller one's mouth. He lapped at the boy's mouth then bit down on the kid's bottom lip. As the boy squealed, he forced another finger inside. The man scissored his fingers while kissing away the boy's sounds.

Will tried to focus on something other than the pain thrusting inside him and the man's incessant lips and teeth, he stared at the ceiling through his streaming eyes. He counted the wood paneling. From wall to wall, Will counted 38 panels. One of the panels had two large knobs that looked like eyes. Will desperately stared at the wooden eyes hoping that they would see him and help. *Somebody help me please!*

Dolarhyde released Will's lips and sat up on his knees. He pulled his fingers from the boy. "There little dragon, you're all ready."

The dragon pulled Will's hips up onto his lap. Will felt the head of the man's cock against his hole. It felt huge, it wouldn't fit. It wouldn't!

"Please don't, sir. Please," Will begged.

"You're all mine, little dragon," Dolarhyde's nails bit into his skin as he thrust his cock into the boy.

Will screamed as it split him open. The thing was ripping him apart. The pain was immeasurable. *It's inside me, oh God, it hurts, it hurts please stop! Please make it stop!*

Dolarhyde forced his cock deeper while the boy continued to scream and sob incoherently. His body was so taunt and Will screamed as the thing tore at him. It wouldn't stop, the monster pushed deeper until he was fully seated inside the poor boy.

"Will…" the monster panted, taken by the throbbing body, trembling and screaming for his pleasure. He pulled his hips away then thrust back into the boy.

Will screamed, he didn't know if he could stop screaming. It was worse than anything he'd ever experienced before, and there was nothing he could do to stop it.

He tried to push the man away, his arms limply pushed at the monster, but the man swatted them away. As if in retaliation, the monster hoisted Will's legs higher and drove into him harder

The boy screamed out again, but his screams became inconsistent as the dragon fucked him. The dragon set a fast pace. Will was jostled at the force of the man, but he could do nothing to brace himself.

Claw-like hands gripped his hips. Forcing them to move to meet the dragon's thrusts. Dolarhyde's movements became easier as the boy's passage became wet. Blood covered the man's dick and dripped down the boy's thighs. His thrusts became irregular as he rapidly neared completion.

Will could no longer cry. He lay unmoving, dazed, as the man took his pleasure from him. Dolarhyde's hips stuttered and then with a groan he came inside the boy. The hot mess burned Will's insides.

Dolarhyde's cock slipped from the boy as he fell on Will, biting and kissing the little neck before him. Will turned his head from Dolarhyde. He squeezed his eyes tightly shut, unable to look at the great dragon, who devoured him everywhere.

Finally, the monster stood. Will kept his eyes shut while he tried to breathe. He heard the door nearest to him open and the sound of the tap running. *The bathroom* , his brain managed to comprehend. That meant the other door, the door that led out of this hell, was just on the other side of the bed. Will willed himself to move, crawl, roll, anything to escape, but his body did nothing but ache.

Dolarhyde returned from the bathroom with a washcloth. He rolled Will on his side, forcing his legs apart. He cleaned the boy, wiping the blood and cum from Will. Will cried quietly, his tears slipping between his closed lids. He wanted the hands away from his body. If he were never touched again, he'd be happy.

"You did very well little dragon. There's barely any blood," Dolarhyde kissed Will's cheek softly, his lips tasting the boy's tears. He left the boy on his side and manipulated him to curl on the bed. He pulled a blanket up and around Will, tucking him as if he was a small child. Will refused to open his eyes.

"Sleep little dragon, the drugs will be gone by morning."

The dragon kissed Will once more chastely on the forehead, then left the room. Will heard the door close and the slide of the lock. He allowed himself to peek through his lashes. Dolarhyde had indeed left the room and Will was by himself. He breathed a sigh of relief only to be choked by frantic sobs.

What's happening? Why am I here? Why me? Why is he doing this?

He desperately wanted to be saved. For the police to burst down the door. For his father to find him. For his body to run away, but he could do nothing except sob as the painted Great Red Dragon stared down on him from the wall.

Chapter 5

Will opened his eyes sometime later. He wasn't sure if he had slept or not. He was still laying on his side on that damned bed. His hair was damp from sweat and stuck to his forehead. The lingering smell of sex made the boy shiver and pull the thin blanket tighter around himself. He felt raw and used.

He tried to sit up but it hurt so much. Pushing through the stinging and aching pain, he pulled himself up to sitting. His hands clutched at the blanket, hoping it would shield him from the terror lurking around him.

The sound of footsteps on the stairs made his head jerk to the door. That man, that monster, was walking up the stairs, coming closer and closer to the room.

I have to hide. I can't let him find me again. He can't have me again. I can't let him touch me.

Ignoring his throbbing head and the excruciating stabbing feeling in his ass, he scrambled off the bed only for his legs to give out. He crumpled to the floor in excruciating pain. The room was bare of furniture except the bed and a small side table. Shoving the pain aside, Will crawled under the bed. Shuffling until he was totally hidden under the dark covering.

Will caught his breath as the door opened and a pair of black boots walked into the room. He froze huddled under the bed, praying the man would leave.

"Will?" Dolarhyde called out. The man closed the door and Will heard the click of the lock. The man's boots turned and walked around the bed into the bathroom. Will considered trying the door despite knowing it would be locked, but the man's boots reappeared immediately from the doorway.

"Why are you hiding, little dragon?" The man asked, sounding amused. The boots dance closer, and the man knelt down by the bed. Dolarhyde's face appeared, ducking under the bed frame to see the boy. "What are you doing under here?"

Will whimpered in alarm and hid his face in his hands. Curling tightly on himself.

The dragon chuckled and shook his head, "No use hiding here. The Great Dragon sees all."

When the boy didn't respond or move, Dolarhyde growled, "Get out from there."

Tucked beneath the safety of his hands, Will silently mouthed, "Go away, go away, go away."

"Will, get out. Or I'll help you out." The dragon ordered. The threat hanging in the air.

Will gulped in fear but found his voice, "I-I don't want to."

"Fine, I'll help you." The dragon's hands reached under the bed and grabbed the boy's foot. As his fingers touched the boy's clammy skin, Will shrieked, "No! Don't touch me!"

The dragon yanked the boy's ankle and dragged the boy closer to the end of the frame.

Will screamed and fought, "No, get off! Don't touch me!"

Will felt the monster's immense strength as he was dragged effortlessly out from under the bed. He scrambled to find purchase, an anchor to root himself, but the hardwood floor did nothing to stop his course into the man's hands.

Dolarhyde made a grab for Will's other foot. Will kicked with all his might and his foot made contact with something solid. The man grunted in pain and Will's foot was momentarily released. Will scrambled away from the man and dashed for the nearest door.

The door opened to his relief and he slammed the door closed looking for a lock on the door. He realized he was standing in the bathroom and to his horror the door had no lock. He looked around desperately for an escape but the little room was closed off. The only way out was through the door where the predator lay in wait.

Dolarhyde pounded on the door. "Open the door, Will."

Will was reminded of the first time he'd been trapped. Only now there was no window to jump out of. There was nowhere to go. Nowhere to hide.

He scurried back from the door, wedging himself between the toilet and the sink. The door banged open. Will shrunk away from the terrifying dragon, drawing his knees close to his chest. He ducked his head in his arms hoping to hide from the monster.

Dolarhyde stormed into the little bathroom seething with rage. He grabbed the boy's hair and pulled him from his hideaway corner. Will screamed in pain as the man used his hair to drag him from the bathroom. Will clawed at Dolarhyde's wrists blindly trying to alleviate the pain searing through his scalp.

He was thrown on the floor in the bedroom where he curled once more in the fetal position whimpering and praying the monster would leave him be. Dolarhyde kicked the boy harshly. "You dare hide from me, boy?"

"I'm sorry," Will sobbed.

The Dragon grabbed the boy's hair and pulled him up on his knees. The monster drew his arm back and punched the boy across the face. Dolarhyde released Will and he slumped on the floor. The dragon stalked away while Will coughed blood on the wooden floor through his tears.

Am I going to die now? Would the monster snap him in two? Would he beat him to death? Before Will could consider all the possible ways the man might kill him, Dolarhyde returned and grabbed his limp body by the arm and dragged him to the bed. Will was thrown back on the mattress. His ears rang painfully from the blow to the head.

The dragon straddled the boy, making Will writhe. He couldn't let the man have him again. But his weak efforts did nothing to fend off the stronger man. The dragon wrestled both his

arms above his head. Will felt a cold metal on his wrist, and before he knew it, his hands were fastened in metal handcuffs. Dolarhyde had wrapped the short chain through one of the bars on the bed frame, leaving Will's hands shackled above his hands. Will jerked his hands fighting to release his hands, but the metal simply bit into his wrists.

Dolarhyde sat up and glowered down at the struggling boy. "You do not run from me, Will."

Will hated the man so much. He summoned his bravery and spat, "Fuck you!"

Dolarhyde backhanded him sharply across the face. "Enough. You'll learn not to run."

He turned and shifted down the boy's body, straddling his legs. Will tried to kick the monster but his legs were pinned under the man. He pulled and twisted at his bindings with no avail. He yelled at the man's back, "Get off me! Don't touch me! You fucking monster- Get off me!"

The monster grabbed Will's foot. A sickening snap made Will scream. Pain flared all his senses and he momentarily saw white. He should have passed out. His mind couldn't take it. He realized the monster had dropped his foot and was now grasping his other foot.

"NO!" Will shrieked before the same blinding pain shot through him.

Dolarhyde climbed off the boy and stared indifferently at the crying boy. Will peeked through his eyelids and looked down at his feet. The sight made him dizzy and ill. His two big toes were bent backwards over the top of his feet.

Will choked on a sob and turned his head as his stomach heaved. He dry heaved his stomach but no vomit appeared. Will felt for sure if he kept heaving he'd throw up his heart and lungs.

"Will," The dragon snapped Will back to reality, "I will break every single one of your bones if you run again."

Will trembled but could make no reply. This man had broken his bones, chained him to a bed, beaten him, raped him, and killed his family. What else would he do? What could Will do to defend himself?

The dragon placed a hand on the boy's foot. Will jerked at the pain a single touch jolted through him. The dragon's fingers trailed up the boy's foot to his broken toes threateningly, "Are you going to run again?"

Will shook his head fervently, "No, no, I won't run- I promise."

"Good." Dolarhyde seized the boy's toe and in one quick motion snapped the toe up right. Will screamed at the pain, but his foot felt immediate relief from the pain it had been in. He gasped for air trying to calm himself.

Dolarhyde moved to his other foot, "Will you try to fight again?"

"No, I'm sorry, I won't do it again, plea-"

Dolarhyde jerked Will's other toe back into place. A wicked grin dancing on his face as Will shrieked at the bone resetting. "What do you say when someone helps you?"

Will panted and through his tears looked at the sick bastard willfully enjoying his suffering. The man was a crazed lunatic, but Will could see him. His mind giving him a sick understanding of what the dragon wanted. The dragon wanted him worshipful, adoring, thankful. He was a god, and Will was his devotee.

Except Will hated him, he didn't feel grateful to him. He wanted with all his might to leave. But Will had no other options. He was caught and the beast would break him if he struggled. He lowered his eyes so the dragon wouldn't see his fear and hatred and spoke softly.

"Thank you."

Chapter 6

Six Weeks Later…

The man's body was hauled out on a gurney wrapped in a black body bag.

It had been found by a social worker from the suspect's school. The seventeen year old Will Graham had enrolled in the nearby high school and had attended for approximately 2 days before his attendance stopped.

The overworked and underpaid administration had finally gotten around to calling the kid's parent, Mr. John Graham, a boat mechanic, about four weeks later. When the phone calls went unanswered, the school eventually called in a social worker to check on the student's welfare.

When the social worker approached the trailer home, they attested to smelling a foul smell, but brushed it off to the bad neighborhood. They had knocked on the door but no one answered. That's when they walked around the property and found the bloody broken window. They called the police.

The police broke into the home and found the remains of Mr. John Graham, but no signs of his son, Will.

Mr. Graham's body showed signs of decay and the coroner put his time of death at several weeks back. Ballistics showed, Mr. Graham had been shot in the chest by a handgun at point blank range. They found Will's DNA on the body.

When the police interviewed neighbors, none of them had anything to say. The Graham's had just moved in. They didn't know them. One woman said she heard the boy screaming one night and thought the father was beating him.

At the police headquarters, the case was quickly glanced over. It was a single break-in and homicide case with an easy suspect. The boy's blood was all over the window and his DNA on the victim. The police concluded that Will had obviously angered his father and gotten himself kicked out of the house. He became enraged and seeked revenge, he broke into his father's house and shot the man while he slept. He had then fled the scene taking the murder weapon with him.

The officers shook their heads in disappointment. Kids were getting their hands on guns way too easily. It was a pandemic.

And so, a warrant for the arrest of Will Graham was posted.

But Will Graham would be forgotten amidst the ever growing crime of the coast. His name would be lost as the acclaim of another killer rose. The Chesapeake Ripper began hunting all over the bay area, and what little attention the boy's case had received, was now directed to finding the mass murderer.

Will Graham was no more.

*

Will sat at the top of the bed. He sat angled, leaning his side against the headboard, so his one wrist wasn't painfully twisted behind him. He rested the shackled wrist on his crossed legs. The skin was irritated and red from the constant friction of the metal cuff. He bent his head down and blew softly on the red skin, hoping to cool it down. Thankfully, the dragon had released his other wrist, allowing Will to lower his other aching arm.

The dragon had left him pinned up for days. His only relief came when Dolarhyde let him use the bathroom, only for him to be chained immediately back to the bed. Will had been certain his arms would fall off if he was kept in the position any longer. He'd begged and pleaded for the monster to uncuff him and finally Dolarhyde had agreed.

*

"Please, just take them off, I promise I won't leave. Please!"

"No. You need to learn your place." The Dragon growled as he bit the boy's neck. Will had acquired a ring of bruises around his neck from the monster's painful kisses.

Will held back his tears, he had learned quickly they did nothing but encourage the man. He tried to reason with him, "I-I have learned. You taught me. I'll be good. I won't run."

The man paused his kisses and looked at the boy's face. Will tried his best not to flinch at the man's intimidating stare. The monster considered Will, "What have you learned, little one?"

Will swallowed thinking, 'that you're a sadistic monster', but he kept his thoughts to himself. Instead he meekly described what the monster wanted to hear, "I-I'm yours. Your little dragon and- and you're the great red dragon."

The dragon smiled down on Will, amused and pleased by the boy's words. He leaned closer and kissed the boy's lips, "And what else have you learned?"

Will's heartbeat picked up, what did Dolarhyde want him to say? That he learned to stay as quiet as possible to listen for the man's footsteps? That he learned how hungry he would become before the monster fed him? That he learned if he screamed, it would only encourage the monster to rape him. That he learned it didn't matter if he screamed or not, the monster would still hurt him? That he learned how a cock could be shoved up his ass in seven different but equally painful ways? That he learned not to cry because it made the monster's dick get hard again? That he learned not to bite or scratch without receiving it back ten times worse.

No, the monster didn't want to hear what Will learned. He wanted to hear how Will was becoming his. Because ultimately Will had learned about the man. He understood the man's desires. Will didn't understand why his brain allowed him to empathize with his captor, but it did so nonetheless. It told him terrible things, things he knew weren't true except in the mind of the delusional dragon. Yet it was what the dragon wanted to hear.

Will buried his own conviction and whispered what the man desired to hear, "You're becoming something great and terrible. You want me to witness it- your power. I'm powerless by you. I can do nothing but worship the great dragon as you teach me to."

Will casted his eyes down. Ashamed of the words he uttered.

The dragon moaned at the boy's words and kissed the boy, breaking through his lips and filling the boy's mouth with his searching tongue. He finally released the boy's mouth, dragging his teeth over the redden lips. He grinned at Will, "Your clever, clever tongue little one," the dragon chuckled darkly, "It amazes me and pleases me daily."

Will shrunk at the man's dark insinuations, he whimpered and shut his eyes. The dragon laughed, "I don't need your mouth right now. But you answered well. I suppose you should have a break from these."

The dragon dragged himself up the boy's body to his bound hands. He unlocked one hand that fell listlessly on the mattress. He snapped the empty cuff ring around the metal bed frame and turned back to the boy.

Will looked from his one hand still shackled to the man above him, "W-what about the other one?"

"Not today, little one," The man shifted down and leaned his face close to the boy's, "Now what do you say?"

Will felt his eyes water with tears. He would never be free from this monster, "Please, please I'll be good."

The monster growled and Will found his chin harshly grabbed, "What do you say, Will?"

"Th-thank you, great dragon."

"Very good. Now, shall we put that mouth to better use?"

*

Will felt sick from the memory. He felt sick most days though. At least he could sit up now and move his arms from over his head. Most days he sat like this, leaning against the bed frame waiting for Dolarhyde to return. He stretched his legs out in front of himself occasionally, careful not to bump any of his toes.

They were healing. After Dolarhyde had reset them, Will thought he would never walk again, but slowly he regained movement in his toes even if they still stung to move and flared fire when he walked. On the short trips to the bathroom, he always walked on his heels, heavily limping. He tried to appear unbothered walking, but the moment he stumbled or winced, Dolarhyde would grab him. Will knew Dolarhyde meant to assist him in walking, but all the man's touches were filled with misery. Will dreaded every second the man was near him.

He spent his days listening for the footsteps on the stairs coming to get him. The past week Dolarhyde had been working on something downstairs. There had been sounds of machinery

and when Dolarhyde returned to the bedroom, he had been sweaty and tired. Will had tried to asked him what was happening downstairs, but the man had ignored the question and climbed into bed, forcing the boy beneath him. Forced his legs opened. Forced his way in.

Will flinched from the memory.

Today, Will heard no sounds from downstairs. He was about to drift off into some uneasy rest when he heard the stairs creak. He sat up, alert for the dangerous man. A moment later, the door opened and Dolarhyde appeared. He seemed happy which was good news to Will. The dragon was terrible when angry.

The man smiled at Will, “I have a present for you, little dragon.”

Will tensed, prepared to be grabbed and manhandled into whatever position the dragon desired, but instead the man tossed something on the bed. Will looked at the thing. It was a black plastic box with strange straps attached to it.

He looked questioningly at the dragon who just grinned back at Will. Will tentatively reached for the thing with his free arm. He picked it up and studied it, “W–What is it?”

The dragon climbed on the bed coming towards the boy. Will shrunk from the monster drawing his knees to his chest. Dolarhyde sat next to Will and wrapped his arm around the boy. He plucked the box from the boy’s hands. “It's for you.”

Dolarhyde reached for the boy’s foot. Will’s head was filled with visions of his toes at all the wrong angles and searing pain; he let out a strangled cry. “Please, I’m sorry. Please don’t hurt me. I’ll be good. I’m sorry.”

Dolarhyde chuckled and hushed the boy, “Shh, this won’t hurt.”

Dolarhyde placed the black box on the boy’s ankle and wrapped the straps around and secured them together. He tightened the straps so the box was fastened on the boy’s leg. The man patted Will’s knee, “There.”

“W-what is it?” Will asked nervously. He hated that Dolarhyde was so close to him, practically sitting behind him with his arms around him.

Dolarhyde ignored his question and reached for something in his pocket. “You don’t need this anymore.” Dolarhyde unlocked the handcuff from Will’s wrist and slipped the boy’s hand from the metal ring. Will stared at his freed hand and then glanced at the man. Was he really letting Will free? Will couldn’t believe it.

Dolarhyde pressed a kiss to Will’s curls and stood up. He gestured for Will to follow him, “Come on.”

Will wasn’t sure if he was being released to go to the bathroom or if the dragon had other plans. He slowly scooted to the mattress’s edge and stood on shaky legs. Dolarhyde smiled at him and walked around the mattress to the side table. He opened one of the drawers and produced a pair of boxer shorts. He tossed them to Will who looked stunned.

“Put them on. You shouldn’t walk around naked.”

Will’s eyes widened. Dolarhyde was allowing him clothes. The idea seemed incredible to him. He squeezed the fabric tightly in his grip.

“Put them on,” The dragon barked impatiently.

Will wasted no more time. He had to brace himself against the bed as he carefully slipped one foot and then the other onto the shorts. He pulled the boxers up on his narrow waist. The boxers were slightly big on him and fell low on his hips, but at least they covered him. Will felt himself smiling at the wonderful feeling of fabric.

Dolarhyde chuckled, breaking WIll’s good mood. Will’s smile dropped from his face and he glanced at the monster, his eyes never fully meeting the man’s eyes. Instead he looked at the man’s mouth. The dragon’s mouth turned hard and his arms crossed expectantly over his chest. Will immediately understood the dragon’s meaning.

“Thank you, great dragon,” He said quickly. Trying to brush off how the man’s smile made him want to be sick.

“Good. Now come on,” The dragon gestured to the bedroom door that sat wide open. Will gaped at the monster. He was being let out? He limped around the bed, carefully avoiding putting weight on his toes. The monster took him by the arm and led him out of the room.

Will hadn’t been outside the bedroom in– in– he had no idea how long it had been. He remembered the night he was first brought here, he replayed that night over and over in his mind trying to think of ways he could have changed it. No ideas ever seemed to come to his mind, but he recalled the images in his mind just fine. So, of course he remembered the stairs and the living room downstairs. He even remembered the way the house looked on the hill. A single porch light in the empty darkness.

As he stepped through the doorway, he came to a short hallway with two other doors. He was led to the stairs made to walk down them. The descent was painfully slow. Will clung to the rail as he made his feet shuffle down one step at a time. Dolarhyde’s grip on his arm never loosened. When they finally made it to the bottom of the stairs, Will leaned against the rail panting for breath. The short walk had drained him of all his energy. The muscles in his legs hurt and heart hammered in his chest. The days he spent in that cursed bed had weakened his health, more than he had realized.

The dragon pulled him from the rail and into the living room. Will blinked in surprise taking in the room. The room was large. Will’s eyes zeroed in on the front door immediately. It sat in the sitting room portion of the room. It seemed to beacon him with temptations of freedom only to dash his hopes at the sight of the many locks on the door. Will made himself look away from the fortified exit. Half of the room was dedicated to a traditional living room with couches and whatnot, the other side of the room was darkened by a sheet hanging across the room. Will looked curiously at the dark side. There was a large table with some sort of machine on it facing a blank wall.

He didn't have much more of a chance to study the area as he was pulled across the sitting room and into the kitchen. There was a table with several chairs.

“Sit,” Dolarhyde ordered as he released Will’s arm. For a moment, Will considered bolting, but as the dragon pulled away, Will stumbled without his support.

How pathetic. He thought, hating himself for being so weak. *You can’t walk without his hands on you. You think you can run? He’d catch you in a heartbeat.*

Will sat slowly at one of the chairs, his back ached at the new position, and he shifted uncomfortably. Dolarhyde moved about the kitchen grabbing things from the cabinets. When he returned and sat at the table, he gave Will a package of saltines and a glass of water. “Eat,” was his simple command.

Will downed the water immediately. His throat had felt permanently dry for weeks. Dolarhyde never gave him enough to eat or drink. He constantly had a headache that was only relieved by the food the dragon rarely presented.

Will’s hands jumped to the package of crackers, but Dolarhyde’s hand shot out and grabbed the boy’s wrist before he could open the package. The dragon looked expectantly at the boy.

Will lowered his eyes meekly, “Thank you, great dragon.”

Dolarhyde released his wrist, smiling like the devil. He stood and took Will’s glass to the sink and refilled it. Will dove into the bag of saltines, eating them like they were the last food on earth. They were the most delicious food he’d ever eaten - salty and crunchy. They were starkly different from the gruel Dolarhyde had been feeding him upstairs. The gruel had tasted like cold solidified sludge.

Will’s throat made a little moan of contentment from the delicious food. Dolarhyde smiled at him and returned to the table with the refilled water. He carded his hands through the boy’s hair, as if enjoying the way Will relaxed as he ate. Will ignored the man’s presence and instead focused on jamming as much food into his mouth as possible. Pretty soon the package was half gone and Will was still cramming the crackers into his mouth, hungry as ever.

Dolarhyde’s hand snatched the package away from the boy. Will made a strangled cry, but Dolarhyde was twisting the plastic closed, “That’s enough, you’ll be sick.”

Will frowned and whined, “Please, I won’t be sick. Just let me have the rest? Please?”

“No.”

“But–,”

A sharp smack against the back of his head made him quiet. Dolarhyde resumed petting Will’s hair, “Drink the water.”

Will drank the water quickly– afraid it would also be taken away from him. As he finished, he realized he felt different. His stomach felt warm and full. His body seemed to grow heavy

and his eyelids drooped down. He yawned. He suddenly had the fear Dolarhyde had drugged the food.

He blinked his eyes open and asked quietly, “Did you drug me?”

The dragon laughed, which did nothing to comfort the boy. He felt shivers down his spine as the monster placed his hands on the boy's shoulders and began massaging them surprisingly gently.

“No, little one. You’re just tired.”

Will didn’t quite believe him, but his body felt tired in a good way. Will remembered how the drugs made him feel paralyzed and trapped, but now he just felt sleepy and warm. He yawned again. Maybe the monster hadn’t drugged him?

Dolarhyde tapped him on the shoulder signaling he should stand. Will stood shakily using the table to balance himself upright. Dolarhyde tucked Will against his side as he led him to the living room. He deposited Will on the couch and gave him a large thick blanket. Will nestled down into the cushions. It didn't smell like sex. The warm blanket wrapped him in a cozy hug. Will felt the dizzy delirium of sleep fall on him and he struggled to keep his eyes open.

The monster sat across from him in a chair, not touching him, just watching him. He felt the safest he had in weeks. The monster wasn’t touching him– wasn't hurting him. He lay comfortably, buried beneath the warm blanket. Will let out a content sigh as he closed his eyes.

I’ll run later. I’m so tired. I’m going to rest for a little while now. Then I’ll escape. Yes, I’m just gonna close my eyes for a second– then I’ll run.

***

Will awoke sometime later. For a moment, Will didn't realize where he was. He was so comfortable and warm he felt like he was in Louisiana on a morning after studying late into the night. But the air lacked the salty tinge and the heavy humidity of the Louisiana climate, it was cool and dry. He sat up, realizing he was not in Louisiana nor in the terrible bed he’d been chained to for weeks. He was in the living room of his captor’s house.

The house was dark except for a lamp illuminating the room. Will looked around the room. The air was chilly outside the shell of the blanket and his bare chest prickled with goosebumps. He saw no signs of Dolarhyde, his seat across from the couch was empty. A cold breeze made Will visibly shiver.

Will turned looking behind him and saw that the front door stood wide open. Will stared at the darkness beyond the door. It was vast and filled with hidden wonders. It meant freedom. Will shed the blanket and quickly stood. It was his chance to run.

He limped quickly to the entryway and paused. Was it a trap? He saw no signs of Dolarhyde anywhere. And the cool night air called to him, bringing him scents of trees and fallen leaves.

He took a breath and stepped towards the door, then a creak of the wooden floor boards made him freeze.

Outside, Dolarhyde stood hidden in the darkness, smoking. His silhouette visible only by the light of the dying ember on his lips. He leaned casually against the porch railing and watched the boy stand hesitantly inside the doorway. He smiled at the boy and took a long drag then stabbed the butt out on the old railing. He strolled to the doorway and leaned against the frame, towering over the boy and blocking his escape.

“Where are you going, Will?”

Will retreated a step and hugged himself tightly. His eyes fell from the powerful figure and meekly stared at the ground. He whispered a fearful, “Nowhere.”

Dolarhyde cocked his head curiously to the side, “It looked like you were leaving.”

Will shook his head fervently, “No, no I– I was just cold. I wasn’t leaving.”

“Hmmm,” Dolarhyde hummed unconvinced. Will dug his nails into his arms. Why had he been so stupid? Was Dolarhyde going to beat him? Will felt tears brim his eyes. He squeezed them shut, willing the tears to dissipate, but a few escaped running down his face.

Suddenly, strong arms wrapped around him and he was pulled against a warm chest. His head was buried against the man’s shoulder and gentle hands caressed his hair. “Shh, little one.”

Will let out a choke sob he hadn’t realized he’d been holding. His body trembled in the man’s arms. Will didn’t want to be held by the monster, but he was so afraid– he took any comfort.

After a moment, Dolarhyde sighed and pulled away. He tipped Will’s fearful face to look up at him. “You tried to leave.”

Will’s eyes widened and he shook his head, “No, no, no, I didn’t! Please, I didn’t!”

Dolarhyde smirked at the boy, “Yes, you did. Now, I want you to try it.”

Will blinked in confusion. He had no idea what the dragon meant. Before he could speak he was being pushed towards the open door. The dragon wanted him to go through the door? He instinctively knew going through the door would be very bad. He tried to stop but Dolarhyde walked him roughly to the doorway, caging him from behind. Dolarhyde whispered in his ear, “Go on, try to leave.”

Will whimpered but he had no alternative. He knew the moment he stepped through the door the dragon would fall on him, punishing him in some cruel manner. He looked at the monster and pleaded, knowing full well the man had no mercy, “Please, I’m sorry.”

The dragon’s face was hard, “Go out.”

Will breathed deeply, trying to collect himself. He looked out at the cool night. It had beckoned him with freedom just moments ago, but now it was void. He saw nothing but a vast emptiness punctured by the hot breath of the dragon behind him.

He stepped through the doorway.

Immediately an electric fire flared up his leg, sending pain throughout his nervous system. Will screamed as his knees buckled under the shock. It didn't stop. Will's hands blindly searched for the cause. His hands found the mysterious black box shackled to his ankle. It sent tendrils of electricity through his leg. Will was paralyzed by the force of the continued shocks. His body jerked helplessly.

Will's vision went in and out. He swore he saw Dolarhyde grinning above him, laughing at Will's struggle.

Suddenly, the pain stopped. He realized Dolarhyde was holding him safely inside the house. Will found that he could finally move his lips and he wailed. Dolarhyde carried the boy in his arms to the couch and sat down. Cradling Will in his lap, Dolarhyde rubbed the boy's back gently, soothing the boy. The pain had finally stopped but Will did not stop crying.

"Shhh, you'll be fine." Dolarhyde hushed, holding the boy close, "You need to stay with me, little one. You are not allowed to leave. The box will turn on if you leave the house or get too close to the windows. If you try to leave or mess with the box on your ankle, I will know and you'll be punished again. Do you understand?"

Will nodded. His tears and runny nose had soaked the man's shirt, but Will kept his face buried in the man's chest. Will was exhausted from the test. He was sufficiently terrified of approaching any of the windows or doors.

He burrowed deeper into Dolarhyde's chest. The man smelled like smoke which reminded him of his father. *My dad's dead.* His mind told him he should be furious at his father's murderer. But the cruel monster was holding him softly and humming kindly in his ear. Will had dreamed his father would hold him with such tenderness. Will clung to the man, seeking his kindness.

"There," The man cooed, "You're safe now."

Will was far from safe, but he drew his body closer to Dolarhyde. The man held him tightly and rocked Will gently as he cried himself into an uneasy sleep.

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Several weeks later, Will anxiously awaited Dolarhyde's return. The man had locked Will in the bedroom. Though Dolarhyde allowed Will to move around the house, it was only under his careful supervision. When the man left, Will would be locked once more in the bedroom. Will didn't mind at all, at least he was away from *him* .

Will was laying on the floor by the bed. Every minute away from the mattress felt like a personal victory. The dragon had used him before he left, leaving the boy's body hurt and unclean. Will had limped to the shower and scrubbed his body vigorously, when he had returned he found himself alone and locked in. He rested uneasily, he wanted to crawl under the bed and cry, but Dolarhyde would find him and punish him. Dolarhyde, like his father, enjoyed using a belt.

Will hated how alone he felt and how he longed for the man's return. He told himself he wanted Dolarhyde to return so he could move about more freely. But in his heart of hearts he knew he wanted the man to speak kindly and maybe even hold him gently. The Dragon was violent and malicious, but there were moments when he was gentle. Will longed for those moments almost just as much as he longed for the man's demise. Will wished he could keep his will to fight, but the Dragon defeated him at every turn.

A door below opened, and Will was on his feet. He fidgeted by the bed waiting impatiently for the door to swing open. When it did, Will's heart beat faster in anticipation. Dolarhyde grinned at the waiting boy. "Little dragon," He greeted.

He strode to the boy and grabbed his hips, pulling him close. Will had dark bruises from the man's hands where the dragon would pin him down and use him. Will shuddered in the man's grasp, trying to lean away, but the hands held him fast. He ducked his head against Dolarhyde's chest. The least he could do was deny the dragon his mouth.

The dragon didn't notice Will's poor attempts at insurgence, instead he took it for affection. A hand lifted and pressed Will's head more firmly into the man's chest, stroking Will's locks, "Did you miss me?"

The monster expected an answer. Will hummed agreement, he didn't want to anger the man who seemed to be in a good mood. Dolarhyde made a pleased sound, "Good. I have something for you."

With that, Will was led out of the room and down the stairs. He desperately hoped Dolarhyde had food for him. The man kept Will at a half starved state– doing anything for the scraps the dragon dispensed to him. His heart fell when he saw the kitchen dark. No food then.

His attention was dragged away by a muffled sound across the room. Will's ears honed in on the sound, it came from neither Will or the Dragon. But they were the only ones in the house.

Weren't they? Will turned his wide eyed gaze up to the dragon who smirked.

Another sound made Will jump. It came from the hidden part of the open room. The sheet covering always blocked Will's view. He hadn't approached the blocked off side of the room. It felt evil on the other side, a realm for the dragon that Will shouldn't cross into. But the dragon grabbed his arm and pulled him straight into the heart of his lair.

It was dark behind the curtain. The partitioned room cloaked in shadows. There was a table with a large machine. Will recognized it. It was an old film projector. Will had seen them watching old black and white movies. Scattered across the table and various other couches and chairs were film canisters and film of various sizes, some in bottles, some in cases, some on tapes. Several tripods with cameras were set up throughout the room. They all seemed to be pointing to the middle of the room. In the middle of the room, a man sat tied to a wooden chair- nothing around him as if he were propped up on stage for a one man act. The cameras facing him superimposed the idea: All eyes on him.

His head was bleeding. It dripped slowly down the side of his face and dripped onto his collared shirt. His wrists were fastened to the arms of the chair while his ankles were tied to the legs. When the man saw them, he began fighting his bindings and yelling through his gag. The sight of another person, a sight Will had been barred from for months, terrified Will. He shrunk back only to meet the cold hard lines of Dolarhyde's chest.

"You like it?" The dragon asked, his wicked hands gripped Will tightly. Will was pulled back onto the man. He felt the man's hardness pressing on his ass. He whimpered. Hadn't he just been used this morning? Would Dolarhyde do it again? Force his body to bend and break again and again? And why was there a man? Was the dragon going to kill him? Will's mind reeled with questions but the incestant press of the man's hips froze his thoughts as everything in him went to prepare for whatever Dolarhyde had in store.

Dolarhyde's fingers slipped beneath the elastic of his shorts. The thin cloth was pulled down, falling around his ankles. Will shivered, hugging his arms to his chest and trying to ignore whatever Dolarhyde did. One hand held Will pinned while the other groped his privates. Dolarhyde squeezed Will’s balls painfully causing him to yelp and dig his nails into his arms.

The man tied to the chair fell silent in horror, forced to watch.

Dolarhyde’s hand left the boy’s parts. Will could have sobbed with relief. He hated when the man touched him there. There was the terrifying possibility he might grow hard. His body had betrayed him a few times before while Dolarhyde raped him. It left him ashamed and disgusted at himself. The dragon loved it.

Thankfully the hand traveled elsewhere. To his mouth.

“Lick" the monster ordered cruelly. Will obediently licked at the rough and calloused fingers. The more spit, the easier the breach went. *How can you let him do this to you?* Will’s mind screamed at him. *Because he'll beat me if I don't. It's better this way.* Was his sober answer.

The man became impatient and stuck two long fingers directly in Will's mouth. Will tried to control his breathing at the man's fingers pumped in and out of his mouth.

"I'm gonna fuck you so hard." The dragon groaned in Will's ear, his fingers thrust further in the boy's mouth, causing Will to choke and gag around the man's hand.

"Should I just use your mouth? Those pretty lips sucking around my cock?" Dolarhyde's other hand went again to Will's dick and pulled it harshly. Will whined at the feeling, he felt ashamed as he began to harden. "You'd like that wouldn't you?"

Dolarhyde squeezed his balls painfully only to stroke the boy's length. Repeating the torturous action. Dolarhyde's hands hurt, but Will's body reacted. The heat pooling in Will's stomach. The fingers finally pulled from his mouth. They trailed down his body to Will's ass. A finger tentatively circled the entrance before pushing inside. Will gasped sharply at the intrusion. His chest fell forward and his legs spread wider, hoping to ease the rough opening. There was no stopping the penetration, Will just tried his best to survive it.

Dolarhyde shuffled his body a few steps to a chair. Will gratefully grabbed the back of the chair, his fingers digging into the hardwood. He gritted his teeth as the monster added a second finger. Thankfully his body was still loose from the previous fuck that morning. The fingers pumped in and out of him relatively easily. Will told himself to relax but the hand fisting his dick was relentless and Will tensed at the mounting pressure.

Dolarhyde's fingers thrust forward, lingering deep inside Will. They pressed against his insides as if searching. Will knew what the man was looking for. Inside him there was a spot that made him see white. It was the source of shame for Will. His body's own betrayal.

Will had not known that his body could be forced into pleasure. The classes at his schools, deep in the South, the heart of the Bible Belt, had taught him nothing on sex except absenceness. No sex until marriage. Will agreed, except he would refine the phrase to no sex whatsoever. He never wanted another's hands on him again.

His schools had invited speakers from the local churches who had preached the blessed sanctity of sex, but then warned them of the fire and brimstone that would rain down if they ever strayed into homosexuality or other sexual deviances. Would he be cast into hell for this? Would his whole body betray him for eternity with a single unwanted touch? Will didn't care if he was thrown into hell. He was already there. The devil himself had dragged him down.

The man found the place inside. Will couldn't stop himself from moaning. His hips stuttered forward, pushing against the hand stroking his length. It felt good and it felt terrible.

"Look at you," the dragon chuckled. His fingers rubbed against that spot over and over. "Such a little whore."

Will was on the edge. His brain dizzy from the constant stimulation. He thrust into the hand, his body craving release. If he could just rub against the man's hand a bit harder it'd be over. Just a bit more.

Dolarhyde's grip lessened and Will cried at the loss, "No, please-please–"

Without conscious thought, he reached between his legs. Before he could touch himself, his wrist was snatched and held away from his aching cock. Will writhed in frustration and he begged, “No! Don’t! I need more, please!”

“What do you want?” The dragon asked, his fingers still digging inside Will, sending terrible aching pressure to his cock.

He strained against the hand holding his wrist, his fingers stretching with all his might to reach himself, but the hand was relentless. Will couldn’t think straight. He could only feel. He managed to blubber out, “Please, please- let me cum, great dragon!” before gasping incoherently.

Dolarhyde laughed and Will found his wrist free. Not wasting a moment, he grasped his cock and pulled quickly at the length. After several uncoordinated jerks, he toppled over the edge, white cum sprayed the chair and he fell to the floor from the shock.

The dragon knelt by the boy still jerking slightly from his climax. Without care, he spread the boy’s cheeks and slid his fingers into the twitching hole experimentally. Will’s body clinched at the touch, over stimulated, but the fingers went in relatively well into the stretched opening. The dragon drew his fingers out and patted the boy’s ass proudly, “Now you’re ready.”

Will, panting hard, looked questioningly at Dolarhyde. He still felt hazy from the painful ejaculation, but his brain had enough instinct to question why Dolarhyde hadn’t fucked him already. Why was he waiting? A quick glance behind him told him that the man was still hard and palming his erection through the fabric of his pants. Would he use the his mouth? It wouldn’t surprise him, but the dragon wasn’t looking at him anymore. He was looking at the man tied up.

Fuck. You forgot about him. The man had just silently watched as Dolarhyde had forced him to cum. Will ducked his head, turning red at the embarrassment. He crossed his legs, attempting to hide his indignity.

The dragon stood and stalked up to the man. The man’s eyes were wide with terror. The man yelled through the gag but Dolarhyde walked past him. He picked up something from a far table.

“It’s a full moon, Will.”

Will shivered. A full moon? Why did those words scare him so? Then he remembered, he had almost forgotten. The dragon had destroyed his life on a full moon. Why would the monster bring it up now? Didn’t he know Will was already broken? Didn’t he see how he was already the dragon’s?

“Full moon?” Will groaned, hoping the dragon would explain.

“Dragons hunt on full moons.”

Will looked between the dragon and the captive, the dragon's plan now slowly forming in Will's mind. "Y-you're gonna kill him?"

"No," Dolarhyde laughed, making Will frown in confusion; but the dragon's next words froze Will with fear, "You are."

The dragon wanted him to kill a man? *But I'm not a murderer! I won't kill! I'm not like the dragon!*

The dragon must have seen his panic expression for he strode over and pulled Will forcefully to his feet. "You will kill him."

"No!" Will refused. He would not obey the dragon. He would not become a murderer. He tried to jerk away, but the dragon dragged him closer to the man. In his hand, Dolarhyde held a knife he had retrieved. He forced it into Will's grasp and shoved him towards the captive.

"Kill him, now Will."

"I won't kill him! It's wrong!" Will threw the knife down, disgusted and terrified of it, "I won't do it!"

Dolarhyde cocked his head to the side staring at the defiant boy. Will shifted nervously under the man's gaze, unable to meet his eyes. There was stillness between the two. Will prepared himself to be beaten. His heart raced and his whole body screamed at him to run, but the man's scrutiny held him in place.

Finally the dragon sighed, a loud and angry sound that made Will flinch.

"*I won't kill him* ," The dragon's voice took a higher pitch, mocking Will's desperate words. Will felt ashamed though he didn't quite understand why. Did he really sound so pathetic to the monster? He whimpered.

The dragon snarled, "You will kill him. We are dragons, Will. You will become who you were meant to be."

Will balled his fists, gathering his courage, "I'm not like you! I'm not a sick fuck. I'm not–"

Dolarhyde's fist uppercut cut his words. The punch sent Will stumbling back, falling on the floor. The dragon's foot followed. Kicking sharply at Will's exposed ribs. Will wheezed for air while drawing his legs close.

"Just kill him yourself!" Will managed to cry.

The dragon's strikes suddenly ceased and he growled darkly, "You want me to kill him?"

"Why don't you? You're the great dragon, do it yourself!" Will spit angrily.

The dragon grabbed Will's hair and wrenched the boy's head up, forcing him to face him. "You will kill him. But maybe you need some motivation, little dragon."

“What?” Will asked confused. Not wanting to know or feel the monster’s motivation.

Dolarhyde dropped the boy’s head and stood, “I won’t kill him, but I’ll make him scream.”

Will watched in horror as the dragon went to the captive who screamed and shook in terror. He grabbed the man’s hand, singling out the middle finger. Holding it, Dolarhyde grinned maniacally at Will, ensuring Will was watching. Will couldn’t look away though he knew what would happen– the dragon snapped the man’s finger up.

The crack of the bone made Will gag and the man’s screams pierced his ears. Will ducked his eyes, unable to look anymore. He covered his ears hoping to block out the sound. “No, no, no, no, no, no” Will muttered to himself rocking back and forth. Dolarhyde’s hands found him and he was forced to hear the tortured man once more.

“Look, Will. He screams so well.”

Dolaryhyde pried his head up and Will saw the mutilated hand now holding up the unkind middle finger in a gross message to Will. *You’re fucked*. Will let out a choked sob.

“Should we do the other one?”

“Stop!” Will screamed, but the dragon was already by the captive’s side. The other bone snapped while the man shrieked.

“Stop?” The dragon asked with a dark laugh, “Only you can stop it.”

“I can’t,” Will cried. He could feel the man’s pain as if it were his own. He hated it but could do nothing.

“Can’t? Or won’t? All you have to do is end his suffering, little one,” The dragon hissed.

“I can’t, I can’t, I can’t,” Will muttered to himself, the thoughts in his head becoming muddled by the cries of the tortured and the desires of the torturer.

“Yes, you can. Just take the knife and stab him.”

Will shook his head. The dragon growled in anger and snapped several more fingers at once. Dolarhyde released the gag from the man’s mouth. A series of pleas and sobs rang throughout the room making Will dizzy with confusion, “Please- please stop. Just let me go. I won’t tell anyone. Ple–”

Will heard more bones popping as the captive screamed again, even louder now his mouth was free. Will covered his ears again and rocked himself on the floor. He just needed to block it all out. It was too much.

Dolarhyde appeared in his line of vision, blocking the tortured man from sight. The dragon pulled the boy to his chest, hushing his cries. Will burrowed his face into the man’s chest holding tightly to the dragon’s shirt. A gentle hand rubbed his back.

“Shhh, you can make it all go away. You can make it stop.”

Will let the terrible calming voice wash over him. Clinging to it while the cries continued in the background. He could make it stop. It would be easier that way. The dragon was too much. He controlled Will's every movement. His life was dictated by the whims of a madman. He tried to fight against him but there was no confronting such power. Will's spirit was crushed and he was powerless. *Why fight and cause yourself more undue harm?*

“ *Just kill him* ,” The dragon whispered his inner thoughts. Will looked up wide eyed at the dragon and nodded.

The dragon smiled and helped the boy to his feet. Leaning heavily against the dragon, Will limped towards the captive. Dolarhyde walked behind him, supporting and pushing him forwards. Will felt the dragon’s large hand wrap around his fragile one. A cold object was placed in his palm. His fingers curled around the knife's handle, accepting it’s fate.

The dragon stepped away. Will looked down at the weapon. The blade was sharp and would serve his purpose. Will limped closer to the captive, holding his side delicately where the dragon's fists and boots had hit him.

The man's eyes were huge and he frantically shook his head. The man yelled and pleaded. Will tried to ignore him but he was so loud.

"Kill him," the dragon interrupted the man’s pleas. Will listened to the familiar voice. He shifted the knife in his hand.

“Don’t listen to him kid! You don’t have to do this.”

Will frowned at the man. The voices inside his head were fighting for dominance. They scream at him.

Stop this Will. Don’t kill him. You’re better than this!

Kill him, Will!

Don’t! Please!

Kill him!

Don’t!

Make his blood splatter.

Stop!

Make him scream

Don’t! Stop this Will!

There’s only one way to end this.

A lie! Don’t listen!

End it. Just end it!

Don't!

Kill him. Kill him! KILL HIM!

Will clutched his head, the voices pounding in his ears. He heard himself yelling, "Shut up! Shut up! Shut up!"

Finally there was quiet. Will panted for breath. His mind finally empty of the voices.

But a voice spoke before Will could fortify his mind.

"Kill him, little one," The dragon ordered once more. This time Will conceded.

He lifted the knife and stabbed it deep into the man's chest. The noises began again. The terrible screams. Will thought they would end once he stabbed the man but they only grew louder. He jerked the knife out of the bloody flesh only to stab it in again. He had to end it. He had to stop the noises.

Blood sprayed everywhere, coating his face and hands, spilling across the floor, but still Will gored the body.

Finally, a hand grabbed his wrist and the knife was wrestled from his grip.

Will realized the noise had stopped. The only thrumming noise came from his heart. He realized he was on the floor. The chair had been broken and knocked over and the captive lay dead and gutted on the ground. Will sat over him covered in the man's blood.

A soft whine sounded from the back of his throat as his mind realized what he'd done. Before he could scream or move, large hands hauled him from the body. Will was pressed against the bloody floor while a large weight covered him. He whimpered as a hand on the back of his neck pushed his face into the blood.

"You did so well, little one," The dragon cooed in Will's ear. Will went limp when he felt the dragon's naked cock pressing against him.

The dragon moved the boy's pliable body. Shifting Will's knees under him and spreading his stance. The dragon pressed over the body and began working himself into Will.

But Will didn't make a sound. He was studying the bloody body in front of him. The man's chest had been eviscerated. The smell of the blood was overpowering but it kept pouring from the dead man. Will wondered curiously how long a body would bleed for. He wondered if he cut in different places if the man would have lived or died quicker.

The dragon thrust particularly hard making Will gasp. He was unhappily drawn back to reality as he was impelled by the dragon. He tried to study the scene once more but the dead man's eyes became disconcerting. They were glazed over as if accepting their doom. A terrified expression of transfixed peace frozen cold on the man's face. Will couldn't help but stare.

The dead man’s eyes looked into Will’s and they were the same.

Chapter End Notes

Part 2 on its way soon.

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